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Children's Plays

ON THE PATH OF THE CHILD

By

ANNA WYNNE



CHICAGO.
THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

Hageman's Make-Up Book

By MAURICE HAGEMAN

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THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

ON THE PATH OF THE CHILD

A MORALITY PLAY IN ONE ACT

By

ANNA WYNNE

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CHICAGO

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

PS635
 29W989

SANDMAN	FATE	PATIENCE	FOLLY	LAZINESS
CHILD	COURAGE	GREEDY	VANITY	LOVE

PROPERTY LIST.

Vine with flower on the end of it for telephone.
 A tiny thorn.
 A mile stone made of dark tissue paper over a frame.
 Sand for the Sandman. Sack.
 Flowers for the Child.
 Small knife for Fate.
 Bowl and dessert spoon for Greedy.
 Bottle and spoon for Courage.
 Small mirror on chain for Vanity.

LIGHT PLOT.

AT RISE: Lights dimmed.
 Lights up at singing of Child off.
 AT ENTRANCE OF SANDMAN: Lights dimmed.
 Lights up for cast to bow.

PLAYS FORTY MINUTES.

COSTUMES.

SANDMAN: Can be played either by a boy or a tall girl. Sand colored cloak and hood, with the hood well over the face. Carries a bag slung over shoulder.

THE CHILD: A girl, eight to twelve. A short skirt of green with white bodice and bright sash. Her flowing hair is bound by a red kerchief. Strings of different colored beads. Worn tan shoes and stockings.

FATE: A girl slightly taller than the child. A white robe with sandalled feet. Over her flowing hair a variegated colored veil. Her gown is trimmed with flowers.

COURAGE: A boy or tall girl. Romantic velvet costume with plumed hat. No weapons.

PATIENCE: Grey Puritan costume with white cap.

GREEDY: Small chubby boy or girl. Dull brown bloomer costume. Figure padded to look rotund.

FOLLY: Short skirted frock, beribboned and befrilled.

VANITY: Can either wear the latest style in an exaggeration, or a beautiful but fantastic robe of blue over gold. Many jewels. Carries a mirror attached to a chain.

LAZINESS: A boy or tall girl. A crumpled yellow-green costume made short in arms and legs, so he looks as though he were fast out-growing his clothes. He is taller than Greedy or Vanity.

LOVE: A girl. Rich red robe with train. A white lily worn at her breast.

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ON THE PATH OF THE CHILD

SCENE. *A path in Dreamland. Can be played before a curtain or screens. A mound can be depicted by a covered bench or cushions. Enter from right the SANDMAN. He walks slowly to center as he speaks.*

SANDMAN. I am the Sandman,
And the sands I throw into the eyes of the little folks,
Come from the shores that Wisdom owns.
Each little grain a message brings
Straight to the soul of the child as she sleeps.

[To audience.]

That is the reason you're questioned so,
That is the reason she's wise and deep.
The sands I throw are from Wisdom's shore,
And she learns as she sleeps,
As she sleeps. *[Turns toward left, where the Child is sleeping.]*

I am the Sandman,
Oh sleeping Child, dream of the future which before you
lies.

Prepare for the battle, your path in life,
As I sprinkle the sands from Wisdom's shores,
Learn what your heart and soul must be
To meet with the shadows out here on the road.
Learn while you sleep,

While you sleep. *[Puts finger to his lips.] Hush! Hush!*

[He exits right. The lights grow brighter. Child is heard off singing. She skips in with flowers in her hands.]

CHILD. *[Joyfully.]* What a very pretty path. It
seems familiar!

[A faint tune is heard off and the CHILD dances to it, throwing her flowers into the air and catching them again. FATE enters from right and dances behind the CHILD, who does not see her.]

CHILD. Someone is here. I'll catch you. You're trying to tease me! [They dance about as before, when the CHILD suddenly turns and catches hold of FATE.] Now I've got you. What's your name?

FATE. Who am I? Guess?

CHILD. You must be my shadow, following me about all the time?

FATE. No, I'm not your shadow, for I always go before you—but only as far as you send me. I go down hill or up hill, or climb the great mountain, just as you say.

CHILD. I don't know you. Do you know me?

FATE. Why I was introduced to you the very minute the doctor brought you. In fact I led him to your home.

CHILD. You did?

FATE. Yes. My name is Fate. I am your Fate!

CHILD. Fate! Well, what can I do for you?

FATE. Everything! I'd like to be healthy, happy, rich, famous and beautiful. And do make me kind. See to it for me.

CHILD. [Sighs.] Such a responsibility and I just wanted to go through life all by myself—free!

FATE. No one can be free, CHILD! We are all like the little waves in a big ocean, very much alike, very close together and making a big world!

CHILD. But I wished to be a Gypsy, because I heard they were free. Some of them never go to school. They just play outdoors all the time.

FATE. [Smiles.] No one is really free. But see, here is a knife to carve straight your path.

CHILD. It is a very smooth path!

FATE. Yes, just here. Later there may be brambles!

CHILD. I don't mind them; I can get rid of brambles.

FATE. And pit-falls. See, this end of the knife is to dig with.

CHILD. A very small knife! [*Places it in her sash.*]

FATE. When your hand grows stronger, you will find a larger implement. Do you know why you came on the Dream Road to-night?

CHILD. To play.

FATE. No. To choose what comrades you are to take here, at the beginning of your path.

CHILD. Comrades?

FATE. Yes. Choose well, for they will be the making of me!

CHILD. I want to meet someone that's always laughing and full of fun.

FOLLY. [*Enters, laughing and dancing.*] You called me, my dear Gypsy!

[*Catches her hands and swings her about.*]

CHILD. Oh, I am pleased to meet you.

FOLLY. Of course you are. Everyone is very fond of me, I'm Folly!

CHILD. FATE this is FOLLY!

FATE. [*Sighs.*] Wisdom was right. She said we would be sure to meet her the very first thing. [*She walks a little apart.*]

FOLLY. Let's go asailing? [*FOLLY and CHILD lock fingers and swing around. They dance and laugh together, then begin whispering. FATE dances, but with slower measure.*] I know the loveliest people! They all move in the best set, too!

CHILD. What's set?

FOLLY. Oh, you'll learn before long!

CHILD. Will I? Is it when nurse pulls one away from the children one would like to play with?

FOLLY. [*Laughs merrily and runs right and brings in GREEDY, who is eating from a large bowl.*] Come here, you darling! [*To CHILD.*] Folks would hardly believe you a real, human child if you didn't know him!

CHILD. Oh, hello, GREEDY.

GREEDY. Greedy! My name's Greedy-Greedy.

CHILD. Greedy-Greedy—Eat-All-the-World-Up?

[*Sticking her finger in the bowl and licking it off.*]

Ummm! Give me some?

GREEDY. [*Fearfully.*] You'll take too much! I'll let you lick the spoon—maybe!

CHILD. [*Taking the spoon from him.*] My turn! Oh, it's good! Dessert! Ummm!

GREEDY. Don't take so much! Don't take so much!

[*They sit upon the mound. CHILD takes the bowl from GREEDY and eats and eats. GREEDY weeps and tries to take the bowl away. CHILD keeps it and eats on. GREEDY manages now and then to get a little.*]

GREEDY. You're a Greedy-Greedy yourself!

FATE. FOLLY, I wish you'd leave that child alone. See, a little thorn growing right in her path since you came!

FOLLY. [*Laughing.*] I do enjoy introducing people. Look at them! From here, I wouldn't know which is GREEDY, which is the CHILD!

FATE. [*Almost in tears.*] I know what's going to happen!

GREEDY. You give me back my bowl!

CHILD. [*Taking a large spoonful.*] Take your old bowl!

GREEDY. [*Snatching the bowl.*] Oh-h-h! You ate it all up!

CHILD. Serves you right—serves you— [*Both hands clasped over her stomach.*] Oh-h—I-I feel so sick! Have you got a pain, GREEDY?

GREEDY. [*Licking his fingers.*] I don't get a pain. I'm Greedy-Greedy!

CHILD. [*In great pain.*] Oh-h-h-h!

FATE. [*To FOLLY.*] Didn't I tell you I knew something was going to happen? [*To CHILD.*] This comes of meeting FOLLY!

CHILD. Where's a telephone?

FOLLY. [*To GREEDY.*] You dear, little thing. All gone! Run and get some more.

GREEDY. Yes, I'm going. I feel lonesome unless I'm eating!

CHILD. I feel better now he's gone. [*Taking up a morning glory on the end of a vine.*] Thank goodness, here's a phone. Hello? Give me 136 Mellow-Rose. Doctor Comfort? Oh, Doctor, I've got such a pain. Where? Right here in Dreamland Path. Hurry! Hurry! I'm sure I'm going to die.

FATE. What did the Doctor say?

CHILD. What do doctors always say? [*In imitation.*] You've been eating too many sweets!

FOLLY. Oh, pshaw! Look who's coming? [*Runs and hides at back.*]

FATE. Thank goodness!

COURAGE. [*Enters.*] Where is the sick CHILD? Poor, little Gypsy. The Doctor sent me to you by wireless. My name is COURAGE. Come, open your mouth. [*Fills a large spoon from a bottle.*]

CHILD. [*Making a wry face.*] Oh-h-h! Call GREEDY back and give it to him. [*Calling.*] GREEDY! GREEDY, here's something for you! [*GREEDY enters, eating from the bowl. The CHILD turns to COURAGE.*]

COURAGE. Never mind him. Open wide, COURAGE is with you. [*CHILD takes the dose.*]

CHILD. I can't say I liked it!

COURAGE. Of course not. It was castor oil. [*Sets the bottle and spoon out of sight.*]

FOLLY. The horrid stuff. Don't ever take it again.

CHILD. GREEDY and FOLLY, go away, both of you.

FOLLY. Me? Would you send me away, GYPSY?

FATE. I beg you to.

CHILD. Hush, FATE. Not you, FOLLY, but GREEDY. Since COURAGE came, I don't care for GREEDY any more.

GREEDY. I'll tell my big brother on you. He'll come and see you some day and carry you off! He's a big giant!

CHILD. I'll tell my mother on him!

GREEDY. Humph! Most all the grown-ups like him.

FATE. What's his name?

GREEDY. Selfishness.

FATE. [*Fearfully.*] Oh-h!

COURAGE. I'm here!

CHILD. Run away, you bad boy, COURAGE is here.
[GREEDY *retires to a corner, where he sits eating slowly and with great enjoyment.*]

COURAGE. You and I are going to be good friends, Gypsy.

FOLLY. [*To COURAGE.*] I'll see about that! [*Laughs.*]
Gypsy, I want to tell you a secret.

CHILD. Come, COURAGE, listen too.

COURAGE. I'm not a friend of FOLLY's, although I've met her many times.

CHILD. Oh, COURAGE, she's so attractive!

COURAGE. Wait until you know her better, Gypsy.

FOLLY. Ah, here are two dear friends of mine. Welcome! What detained you?

[*Enter VANITY and LAZINESS.*]

VANITY. I wouldn't go anywhere without a new dress.

LAZINESS. She made me walk and I had to rest many times.

CHILD. Stay here, COURAGE. I must meet them.

FATE. Bid him stay beside you and you'll refuse to meet them.

[CHILD *runs to FOLLY, who takes her hand and presents her to VANITY and LAZINESS.*]

FATE. [*To COURAGE.*] COURAGE, what can you do?

COURAGE. Stand by, for no one travels far on the path without calling to me.

VANITY. [*Looking in her mirror as she walks about proudly.*] If you could only see what I do, you would think the world a lovely place!

FOLLY. [*To CHILD.*] Did you ever see such style? Isn't she graceful?

FATE. Is that false posing grace? And the style!
FOLLY, that is your creation!

VANITY. Come and look in my wonderful mirror,
CHILD?

CHILD. Will I see the whole world in it?

VANITY. Yes, for you will see Power.

FATE. Power! A misleading and exaggerated reflection of herself. Don't look, think of me!

CHILD. FATE, don't bother me! Hold your mirror for me, dear VANITY. [*Looking in.*] Oh, how pretty I am!

VANITY. Isn't your hair lovely?

CHILD. It curls so naturally.

FATE. [*With scorn.*] Curls naturally! She believes everything VANITY says!

VANITY. [*Holding the mirror lower.*] See how supple your waist is. You are the dancer.

CHILD. Wonderful! And my little hands. Hold the mirror to the floor!

VANITY. [*Placing mirror before feet of CHILD.*] What dainty feet!

CHILD. Dainty? I should say so. The prettiest and smallest I ever saw; they're beautiful!

FATE. COURAGE, support me. VANITY is making the CHILD blind!

COURAGE. [*Placing his arm about FATE.*] I never desert anyone who calls upon me.

LAZINESS. [*Who has been lolling on the mound.*] Come and sit beside me, Gypsy, and take things easy.

FOLLY. Dear little LAZINESS! [*To CHILD.*] There's a sweet invitation.

CHILD. LAZINESS! He isn't so little!

VANITY. The dear boy grows tall from lying about so much.

CHILD. Have you any objection to sitting with LAZINESS, VANITY?

VANITY. No, indeed, LAZINESS and I go hand in hand many and many a time, don't we, dear?

LAZINESS. [*Yawning.*] Yes. Don't anyone disturb me.

[CHILD, VANITY and LAZINESS sit together.]

FOLLY. You are in good hands now, Gypsy..

FATE. Oh, COURAGE, if we could only capture her

from FOLLY. She has always acted so well before to-night. If this keeps up, it is bound to have an effect upon me!

CHILD. [*Gazing into the mirror and smiling at herself.*] Don't pull my hair, VANITY.

VANITY. It's caught on my chain.

CHILD. Oh-h! Undo it for me, LAZINESS?

LAZINESS. Don't bother me. Can't you see how tired I am?

CHILD. VANITY, help me! I'm in trouble.

VANITY. What! Put my mirror down?

CHILD. But you are pulling my hair and hurting me. COURAGE? COURAGE?

COURAGE. [*Running to her.*] Here I am, Gypsy.

CHILD. My hair! VANITY is pulling my hair. I can't reach it.

COURAGE. Have you forgotten a little friend who never fails you? You often call upon her when your hair is being brushed.

CHILD. I treat her so badly. I'm almost ashamed to call upon her now.

COURAGE. But she never bears ill-will.

CHILD. [*Calling.*] PATIENCE! PATIENCE! Oh, where is my PATIENCE!

PATIENCE. [*Enters, kneels and begins to loosen the hair from its tangle.*] I know this is my task. How do you do, COURAGE? Have you any new heroes on your list?

CHILD. Me! I took such a large spoonful of castor oil.

FATE. What that CHILD says with VANITY beside her!

VANITY. Someone calling to look into my mirror? Most everyone in the world has looked into it at one time or another! Even LAZINESS. When they look into my mirror a hundred times, I give them one to keep!

FOLLY. Keep looking in, CHILD!

FATE. Oh, Wisdom, guard us!

LAZINESS. You shoved me. Just when I was so comfortable!

[CHILD rises.]

FOLLY. Stay with my friends!

CHILD. My FATE does not wish me to. Besides I'm not young enough to sleep all day long. I'm here for adventures with—

COURAGE.	} With me?
PATIENCE.	
FOLLY.	
VANITY.	

LAZINESS. Me?

CHILD. FOLLY! [FOLLY tosses her head in triumph and places a dark milestone on the path.] If I stayed with you, LAZINESS, somebody might call me Lazibones. I can't see that Lazy people have any fun.

LAZINESS. Oh hush! Let me sleep!

FOLLY. Dance with me, Gypsy!

CHILD. [Dances a few steps, sees the milestone, shrinks back, frightened.] I'm afraid. What's that? [FOLLY laughs.]

FATE. Your FOLLY put it there!

CHILD. Stop laughing at me, FOLLY! I don't like you any more. See what you've done to my pretty path. I don't trust you. Go away, FOLLY.

FOLLY. You cannot be rid of me so easily when once I've been your comrade. It was I who whispered to Cinderella to wait till after the clock struck twelve. She obeyed me and found her beautiful coach, footmen and horses nothing but a pumpkin, rats and mice. [Laughs.] It was I who told Little-Red-Riding-Hood to disobey her mother and linger in the woods and pick flowers, so the wolf had time to go to her Grandmother's—It was I—

CHILD. It is you who make trouble for us all. Go away. I cannot bear you near me any longer!

FOLLY. Since you insist, I must go, but you will meet me all through life and like me every time you do!

CHILD. PATIENCE! PATIENCE!

FOLLY. I certainly do not care for PATIENCE.

[FOLLY exits left. PATIENCE goes to CHILD.]

CHILD. PATIENCE, I can't go any further. There is a great, black thing in my way. I'm afraid to look. [*The milestone is small, but to the CHILD's imagination it seems as large as it is strange.*]

PATIENCE. We can dig all around and under it. It will take time, but if we dig deep, it will fall down.

CHILD. Oh, I'm afraid. GREEDY's big brother may be waiting on the other side and—and that awful monster whose name is Ingratitude! What if they heard me. Oh, PATIENCE, what shall I do?

PATIENCE. Is there no friend you can call upon who is strong and kind?

CHILD. Yes. My COURAGE. [*Calling.*] COURAGE? [*COURAGE runs to her.*] Save me, COURAGE. There's a dark milestone on my path!

[*COURAGE doubles up his fists and punches a hole in the milestone. It falls down. He throws it aside.*]

COURAGE. See Gypsy, it was only a shadow.

CHILD. How wonderful! That heavy, black stone melted away at your coming, COURAGE!

FATE. [*Running to the CHILD.*] It warms my heart to see you with PATIENCE and COURAGE.

PATIENCE. But why is it everybody grows tired of me?

COURAGE. Not the heroes!

CHILD. Does PATIENCE know any heroes? I thought only you knew heroes, COURAGE!

COURAGE. PATIENCE knows the greatest. We two have sat year in and year out with men who were searching for some fluid or germ that would do away with pain and disease. My name is often associated with the soldier, the sailor, the fireman, the policeman—they are very brave, but no braver than PATIENCE's heroes who are so often little known and little praised.

CHILD. I want to know them. I want to cheer them. Those quiet heroes of PATIENCE's. I often cheered your heroes, COURAGE.

COURAGE. I have quiet heroes, too! All those who refuse to do any harm while walking along their paths

and who try to right the harm that others do. No one cheers them, either.

CHILD. COURAGE, you make a very good teacher.

VANITY. COURAGE is always a leader, aren't you brave, lad?

COURAGE. [*Throwing out his chest.*] Yes, COURAGE is a great leader. [*Shakes his head at her.*] Ah, VANITY! Don't try to dazzle my eyes with your mirror. Rouse that boy, LAZINESS. Attention, LAZINESS!

LAZINESS. What's the matter now? All I've been doing and people always wanting me to do something else!

COURAGE. The class will please be seated.

CHILD. This ought to be great fun. [*FOLLY skips in.*]

FOLLY. School! I'm head of the class. PATIENCE, you're at the foot. In other words, I'm the tortoise and you're the hare!

CHILD. Oh no, reverse it.

FOLLY. She's asking me to stand on my head.

COURAGE. I wonder what you do know, FOLLY?

FOLLY. If six and one make seven, wouldn't you think that seven and one would make eight?

PATIENCE. It does.

FOLLY. Not at all. It makes ten.

CHILD. That's funny!

FOLLY. Of course it does. I suppose I haven't ten fingers?

COURAGE. Your arithmetic is minus.

LAZINESS. What does this mean?

COURAGE. It means it has been amputated.

PATIENCE. Just what is *it*?

CHILD. [*Spelling.*] I-t of course.

VANITY. I don't care about tea, but an eye is a beautiful thing. [*VANITY stares into her mirror.*]

FOLLY. [*With great earnestness.*] Eight and two are six, eight and two are six.

CHILD. This is silly. You've been reading "Alice in Wonderland," haven't you? We have learned nothing, COURAGE!

COURAGE. Attention. We have learned that FOLLY cannot reason.

FOLLY. Who wants to reason when I'm about? NOBODY. Why, I've made old grey-haired people forget that two and two make four.

PATIENCE. Indeed yes, you've made them forget way up into the thousands!

FOLLY. Don't be so literary!

COURAGE. Can you count, GREEDY?

GREEDY. Not in my head, but give me things to count with and I can count. But you must give them to me to keep.

FATE. Life teaches everybody arithmetic.

CHILD. Then why do we have to go to school?

PATIENCE. There are other things to learn besides arithmetic.

CHILD. Spelling and cooking and sewing and reading and dancing and singing and how to play and how to write and—

COURAGE. You must learn self control.

PATIENCE. And that *I* am the best teacher in the world!

VANITY. I never told her to say that. She really believes it!

CHILD. Attention! Rise and shake your wits together.

[*They all rise and shake one another, FOLLY dancing about them, well pleased.*]

CHILD. FOLLY was here all the time. Perhaps that's why we answered in such a foolish way.

VANITY. Foolish? I'm never foolish. And I'm sure COURAGE isn't.

COURAGE. Even COURAGE falters with the eye of VANITY upon him.

FOLLY. Any more questions you want answered?

CHILD. The teacher should ask the questions.

FATE. The teacher should teach.

COURAGE. Be seated. [*All seat themselves.*] LAZI-

NESS, what do you think is the best course to pursue in life?

LAZINESS. Keep busy.

CHILD. Does LAZINESS believe that?

COURAGE. He means for us to keep busy. Is that it, LAZINESS?

LAZINESS. [*Yawning.*] Work. Work hard. It's the best thing for everybody. It makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise.

[CHILD and FOLLY laugh.]

COURAGE. VANITY, what do you consider the best course to pursue in life?

VANITY. Be simple and sincere. [*She poses in a fantastic manner. Getting up one after the other as though reciting a quotation at assembly.*]

COURAGE. Oh, wad some power—

VANITY. To see myself as I really am!

CHILD. While all the world wondered!

LAZINESS. Work! Work! Work! Let that be your motto! [*Sits before he finishes speaking.*]

GREEDY. And God loveth the cheerful giver. Remember that. [*FOLLY laughs.*]

FATE. I knew it's FOLLY's fault.

CHILD. Everyone blames FOLLY!

COURAGE. Perhaps you, Gypsy, for having her as a friend.

PATIENCE. Keep me beside you and you will learn—

CHILD. I'd run away with you, FOLLY, only COURAGE and PATIENCE have shown me you are not a true friend. I've been so lonesome! You're all very nice, I suppose, but I feel cold without her here. Oh, why doesn't she come?

COURAGE. I know who she means!

PATIENCE. So do I!

VOICE OFF. CHILD!

COURAGE. The voice of LOVE!

CHILD. LOVE!

CHILD. }
 FATE. } Come to us!
 COURAGE. }
 PATIENCE. }

CHILD. [*Stretches out her arms. Enter LOVE. The CHILD runs to her embrace.*] You have been away from me so long!

LOVE. I wanted to see if you could get along without me.

CHILD. I couldn't. It was a little ache at first and I laughed and danced with FOLLY to get rid of it, but I grew heart-sicker and heart-sicker.

PATIENCE. More heart-sick and most heart-sick.

[*FOLLY whispers to GREEDY, VANITY and LAZINESS.*]

CHILD. Never leave me again, LOVE!

LOVE. CHILD, I say to you, never send me away, for with me close beside you, you can never do harm.

[*Chimes off.*]

FATE. Dreaming time is almost over. Choose your comrades, now!

[*FOLLY, GREEDY, VANITY, LAZINESS form a circle and dance about the CHILD, where she stands with LOVE. FATE, COURAGE and PATIENCE stand together.*]

CHILD. LOVE, help me choose!

FOLLY. Leave her for a moment and come just a step along the path with me.

CHILD. I am too lonesome without LOVE.

LOVE. [*Fondly.*] I resemble her Mother.

FOLLY. [*Coaxing.*] Won't you come with FOLLY?

CHILD. I like you, FOLLY.

LOVE. But I am deep in her heart.

CHILD. Help me, LOVE. I seem to know that my path will have stones on it and maybe thorns!

LOVE. I will smooth even them away.

LAZINESS. Take me with you, Gypsy; we can swing in a hammock made of vines and listen to the birds sing and sleep in the sun.

CHILD. How pretty to listen to the birds!

PATIENCE. With LAZINESS, what will be accomplished?

CHILD. I shan't take you, LAZINESS.

LAZINESS. There are many others who will. I don't care. [LAZINESS *exits*.]

GREEDY. Take me with you, CHILD?

CHILD. He's so little. I might take him along?

LOVE. And when he is full grown? He is the son of Greed! If there was no Greed, everyone could meet Justice.

CHILD. I do not want you, either, GREEDY. Run away.

GREEDY. I was going to give you a bite of my candy and now I won't! [GREEDY *exits, licking his candy*.]

VANITY. Ah! little girl, you surely will take me along?

CHILD. She's so attractive, LOVE.

VANITY. Just take one peep into my mirror?

CHILD. Her mirror makes me feel so happy.

LOVE. VANITY has often led people to Extravagance and then pushed them in.

CHILD. What is that—Extravagance?

LOVE. A great, deep, glittering hole, very hard to get out of.

CHILD. Oh! I'm sorry, VANITY, but you cannot walk with me.

VANITY. No, Gypsy? Then your little VANITY will have to go away. [Walks sadly apart, turns about and stands close behind CHILD.]

FOLLY. And what about me?

CHILD. I'm so fond of FOLLY!

LOVE. The mischief-maker!

[FOLLY holds out her arms to the CHILD.]

CHILD. Oh, come quickly to me, COURAGE!

COURAGE. Take my arm.

CHILD. See, FOLLY, there is no room for you with LOVE and COURAGE beside me.

COURAGE. And PATIENCE will lead the way!

CHILD. Oh, no, PATIENCE is too slow.

PATIENCE. But I'm so necessary, Gypsy.

CHILD. [*Dropping the arms of LOVE and COURAGE.*] If PATIENCE should lead the way, I'm afraid I'd never have an adventure at all. She's too careful!

[FOLLY and VANITY rush to the CHILD and take her arm.]

FOLLY. I was right behind you, dear.

VANITY. And I with my little mirror. Look in!

[LOVE weeps.]

CHILD. [*About to look in the mirror.*] No, no! LOVE! LOVE!

FOLLY. Never mind her. Dance with me and forget.

CHILD. LOVE, can't you come with FOLLY and me?

LOVE. [*Weeping.*] Although I weep, I am always near you, CHILD.

CHILD. She is crying!

FOLLY. Send COURAGE to her then.

COURAGE. I cannot dry LOVE's tears, she is greater than I.

LOVE. Only you can dry my tears, CHILD!

CHILD. [*Runs to LOVE and puts her arms about her.*] Where's my handkerchief?

LOVE. [*Kissing both cheeks of the CHILD.*] Like this, and this! Perhaps I am the best teacher after all.

CHILD. I think so, LOVE. You have shown me I must keep you and PATIENCE right beside me, or others will come and take your places. COURAGE, do you lead on!

COURAGE. We are ready for any adventure.

FATE. I am growing strong for the forward march! [*FATE walks with erect head and exits right.*]

COURAGE. }

LOVE. }

PATIENCE. }

We are happy. We are very happy.

CHILD. Very happy!

[*Lights grow dim. The SANDMAN enters from right. As he begins to speak and slowly walk toward the CHILD,*

she and her companions back slowly from him and exit left.

VANITY and FOLLY *exit first, then LOVE, PATIENCE and the CHILD between them, then COURAGE.*

SANDMAN *speaking as in beginning, giving the impression that all that has happened between was but a moment's dream of a sleeping child.*]

SANDMAN. I am the SANDMAN!

Oh, sleeping CHILD, dream of the future which
before you lies.

Prepare for the battle, your path in life,
As I sprinkle the sands from Wisdom's shores.

Learn what your heart and soul must be
To meet with the shadows out here on the road.

Learn while you sleep,

While you sleep.

[*As he says Hush, hush! he takes a handful of sand from his bag and softly exits left.*]

CURTAIN.

HER GLOVES

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ROBERT SLOCUM.....A friend of the family, *Juvenile*
CHARLEY BROOKS.....A neighbor, *Comedy*
JIM RYAN.....A theatrical manager, *Comedy*
MRS. RUGGLES.....Wife of Jefferson, *Old woman*
BLANCHE DILLINGHAM.....Wife of Walter, *Lead*
DORA RUGGLES.....In love with Slocum, *Ingenue*
ELIZABETH BROOKS.....Wife of Charley, *Comedy*
VALESKA BIJOU.....A leading lady, *Comedy*

The action of the farce takes place in the home of the Dillinghams, New Rochelle, New York, during the month of May.

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(Afternoon)

ACT II

THEY ARE LOST

(A few minutes later)

ACT III

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BERNICE HALSTEAD, a young lady of eighteen, with an affection of the heart, a love for fun and hatred of arithmetic.....
AMY HALSTEAD, her sister, two years younger, fond of frolic..
INEZ GRAY, a young lady visitor, willing to share in the fun....
MRS. HALSTEAD, a widow, and stepmother of the Halstead girls
HANNAH MARY BARNES, or "Sis," a maiden lady who keeps house for her brother
DWIGHT BRADLEY, a fortune hunter and Mrs. Halstead's son by a former marriage.....
DR. BURTON, a young physician.....
SAMMY, the darkey bell-boy in the Halstead house.....
ABRAHAM BARNES, or "Bub," a yankee farmer, still unmarried at forty—a diamond in the rough.....
ATTORNEY; SHERIFF

Time of playing, two hours.

Two interior scenes. Modern costumes.

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS

Act. 1. Parlor of the Halstead home. The young doctor. The three girls plot to make his acquaintance. An affection of the heart. 'Easy to fool a young doctor,' but not so easy after all. The stepmother and her son. The stolen diamonds. The missing will. Plot to win Bernice. "I would not marry Dwight Bradley for all the wealth the world contains." Driven from home.

Act 2. Kitchen of the Barnes' farm house. Bub takes off his boots. The new school ma'am. "Supper's ready." "This is our nephew and he's a doctor." Recognition. A difficult problem in arithmetic. The doctor to the rescue. "I'm just the happiest girl in the world." "I've come to pop the question, an' why don't I do it?" Brother and sister. "If it's a heifer, it's teh be mine." The sheriff. Arrested for stealing the diamonds. "Let me knock yer durned head off." The jewels found in Bernice's trunk.

Act 3. Parlor of the Halstead home. "That was a lucky stroke—hiding those diamonds in her trunk." The schemer's plot miscarries. Abe and Sammy join hands. The lawyer. "Bully for her." Bradley tries to escape. "No, ye don't!" Arrested. "It means, dear, that you are to be persecuted no more." Wedding presents, and a war dance around them. "It is no trick at all to fool a young doctor."

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Ridiculous old maid costumes, with all their frills and fur-belowes, their cork-screw curls, mittens, work bags, bird cages, etc., are the proper costumes. Later on in the program some pretty young women in modern evening dress are required. The latter should each be able to give a number of a miscellaneous program, that is, be able to sing, play some instrument, dance, whistle or recite well.

This entertainment utilizes all sorts of talent, and gives each participant a good part. Large societies can give every member something to do.

SYNOPSIS

Gathering of the Members of the Society—The Roll-Call—The Greeting Song—Minutes of the last meeting—Report of The Treasurer—Music: "Sack Waltz"—A paper on Woman's Rights—Song: "No One to Love, None to Caress."—Reading of "Marriage Statistics"—The Advent of the Mouse—Initiation of two Candidates into the Society—The Psalm of Marriage—Secretary's Report on Eligible Men—A Petition to Congress—Original Poem by Betsy Bobbett—Song: "Why Don't the Men Propose?"—Report of The Vigilance Committee—An Appeal to the Bachelors—Prof. Make-over—The Remodelscope.—Testimonials—The Transformation and a miscellaneous program.

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Won Back

A Play in Four Acts

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SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS

ACT I—Drawing-room, Arlington, Washington—1860

"Whom first we love, you know, we seldom wed;
Time rules us all: and life indeed is not
The thing we planned it out, ere hope was dead,
And then, we women cannot choose our lot."

In fetters—The rivals—North and South—The coy widow—A noted duelist—An old affection—The dismissal—The rivals meet—"You shall answer for this"—Farewell.

ACT II—Same Scene—1860

"Who might have been—Ah, what, I dare not think!
We are all changed. God judges for the best.
God help us do our duty, and not shrink,
And trust in Heaven humbly for the rest."

Broken ties—A Vassar girl's idea of matrimony—A Washington savage—Schooling a lover—Affairs of honor—The Northern free-eate.—The missing challenge—Betrothed.

ACT III—Drawing-room in New York Hotel—1861

"With bayonets slanted in the glittering light
With solemn roll of drums,
With starlit banners rustling wings of night,
The knightly concourse comes."

To arms! To arms!—Stand by the flag—A woman's duty—A skirmish in the parlor—On to Richmond—Reunited—The passing regiment.

ACT IV—Confederate Camp at Winchester 1864

"No more shall the war cry sever, or the winding river be red;
They banish our anger forever, when they laurel the graves of our dead."

A cowards' armor—A hand to hand struggle—Hugh captured—Sentenced to be shot—A ministering angel—Harold King's revenge—The attack on the camp—Death of King—After the battle—Won back.

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Joe Ruggles

OR

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Scenery—City street, showing R. R. Station; rocky pass, with set cabins; a wood scene, and two plain interiors. Costumes of the day. Time of playing, two and a half hours.

SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS

ACT I—Entrance to Railroad Station

Looking for a victim—Joe Ruggles—"Them galoots is worse than grizzlies"—"Morning papers"—Madge and Bess plying their trades—"Can't you sing Joe a song?"—Hamilton and his pal confer—Tom Howarth gains important information—"Don't you dare to lay hands on us!"—Hamilton tries to maintain his authority—"Who? Old Joe!"

ACT II—Doomsday's Hotel, Dare-devil's Gulch, California

The landlord secures a guest—Hans disappointed—"Dot is a mistake"—A ghost story—The "Kid and his sister"—"Did I hurt your highness?"—Hans and Doomsday have another talk—Kate Laurel meets the young miner—"Yah, dot vas vot I t'inks"—Madge's disguise penetrated—She recognizes an old enemy—"Now, George Smith, take your choice"—Joe Ruggles as a tramp—"Ef yer think yer can pick on me because I'm han'some ye'll find me ter hum"—Hamilton appears—"Those two youngsters are mine"—The tramp takes a hand.

ACT III—Wood Scene

A lively ghost—Hamilton and Smith plan more villainy—Old Joe thinks of turning Detective—Kate Laurel again—"There is a secret connected with my life"—Kate's confession—"What do you mean, sir?"—Tom Howarth once more—"Vos you looking for a hotel?"—Planning an abduction—Old Joe as an Irishman—"Phat does yez want wid me?"—Undertakes to be a detective—Takes a hand in the abduction—"Do it at your peril."

ACT IV

Hans hears, and tells, the latest news—"I nefer pelieved dot spook peesness"—Kate Laurel astonished—Hamilton attempts flight—"De poys haf got Mr. Hamilton, und dey vill gif him a necktie barty"—Arrest of Smith—"Get out mit my vay, I vas de United States Mail"—Tom meets his old friend under new circumstances—"Do you want me, Tom?"—Old Joe gives consent—A happy ending.

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